

perfect by thefriendlymushroom

Series: [Stranger Things Imagines \[4\]](#)

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Genre: F/M, Fluff, I need sleep, POV Second Person, Prom, Reader-Insert, slight angst, written at 4AM

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Summary:

Reader's prom night doesn't go as planned, but it's still perfect.

I know it's not prom season anymore, but basically "Perfect" by Ed Sheeran plays like every 20 minutes at my work so this idea came along with it.

perfect

Author's Note:

obviously I don't own the 5 lines of "perfect" by Ed Sheeran that I placed at the top of this fic.

Baby I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms

Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song

When you said you looked a mess, I whispered underneath my breath,

But you heard it

Darling, you look perfect tonight

Tonight was supposed to be perfect. Wasn't it? It was your senior prom—all the movies show perfect nights, falling in love, kisses under twinkling lights with your date...

Well, your date *was* kissing under twinkling lights. Just not kissing *you*.

"*Stupid fucking Billy Hargrove,*" you muttered under your breath as you marched out of the gymnasium.

You knew it would come to this. Everyone told you he was no good—your mom, your friends, Steve, the munchkins that ran around him all the time... Everyone. But you agreed to go to prom with him anyway. You were shocked that the "hottest guy at school" (as your best friend once referred to him as) would ask *you* of all people out, but now you realized. Now you realized it was probably all some joke he was pulling because of course he didn't like *you*.

You were pulled out of your thoughts when your heels—matched perfectly to the color of your dress—caught in the grass. You tugged them off your feet angrily and continued your trek. You didn't really

know where you were going, you just kept walking. You eventually wound up near the woods behind the school. You could still hear the music pouring out of the gymnasium.

You didn't realize anyone was near you until a warm hand landed on your shoulder. You turned, startled, but found only Steve. You slapped his hand away. "You scared the shit out of me, Steve!" you said. "I could have punched you!" Granted, you didn't really know *how* to punch somebody, but Steve didn't need to know that.

"What, a guy can't check on his best friend?" he replied, rubbing the back of his neck. He sat on a nearby fallen log and you joined him. "I saw Hargrove. What a dick."

"You didn't punch him, did you?"

"As much as I'd love a good excuse to mess up that face of his, no. I knew you'd get mad at me for it."

You smiled. "Good. You've gotten in trouble enough for fighting this year." You bumped his shoulder with yours. "Bet you're dying to tell me 'I told you so.'"

"Maybe a little." He bumped your shoulder back.

You smiled and rubbed your face. Your fingers came away black. Had you been crying? Shit, now your mascara was everywhere—you probably looked like a freaking raccoon. You tried to fix your face in the dark as you and Steve sat in silence. He spoke a few moments later, drawing your attention to the music that was drifting from the gymnasium's open doors. "Hey, isn't this your favorite song?"

You paused to listen, a smile coming across your face when you realized that it was one of your favorite songs. "How did you know?"

"C'mon, Kayla, you sing this song every day."

"Touché."

You sat for a moment, just enjoying the music. Steve then stood up, holding his hand out to you. "Let's dance."

“What?”

“It’s prom!” He grabbed your hands and pulled you up. “Let’s dance.”

You found yourself chest to chest with Steve and you blushed. Your blush deepened when he pulled you closer and began swaying with you in the grass. Out of nowhere, you began laughing. “What’s so funny?” Steve asked.

“Some prom night,” you said, still chuckling. “I have no shoes and we’re dancing on the grass, in the dark, with no one around, I look an absolute mess...this isn’t exactly how I pictured my prom night going.”

“Nah, you look perfect.”

“What?” You weren’t sure if you heard him correctly. Your swaying stilled.

Steve looked around awkwardly. “Uh, what?”

“What did you say?”

“I, uh—I didn’t say anything.”

“You did! Don’t lie to me!” you said teasingly. But then it registered what he said. “Wait. Did you say I look...perfect?” You laughed. “Me? With ruined hair and makeup and grass-stained tights? You’re kidding.”

His hands came to your hips. “You always look perfect,” he said earnestly. Your laughter died down. He *was* serious. “Kayla, I...I think I like you.”

“Oh,” you said. Your brain couldn’t come up with any other words. “Oh.”

Steve withdrew his hands from your hips. “I probably shouldn’t have said anything,” he said quickly. “Now I’ve probably gone and ruined our whole friendship—” He began backing away from you.

“Steve, wait.” You closed the distance between you. “I, uh, think I

like you too.”

He looked in disbelief. “Really?”

“Yeah, really.”

“Then why’d you go to prom with Hargrove then?”

You slapped his chest. “Because you didn’t ask me, you nitwit!”

“Oh,” he said simply.

“Yeah, *‘oh.’*”

The two of you stared at each other in silence. Moments passed before you got the courage to speak again. “Hey, Steve?”

“Yeah?”

“Kiss me?”

“Definitely.”

So maybe you didn’t get your kiss under twinkling *prom* lights, but you got your kiss under twinkling stars and, honestly? That was a much better way to end your night. Even though nothing turned out as expected, your night was *perfect*.